I heard you ſay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtfull Engliſh Court
As farre as Callis, to my Vncles head?
Amongſt much other talke, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crownes.
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How bleſt this Land would be, in this your Coſins death.
Aum. Princes and Noble Lords:
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man:
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my faire ſtarres,
On equall termes to give him chaſticement?
Eyther I muſt, or have mine honour ſpoyl'd
With th' Atteindor of his ſland'rous lips,
There is my Gage, the manuall ſeale of death
That markes thee out for hell. Thou lyeſt,
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſayd, is falſe,
In thy hearts blood, though being all too baſe,
To ſtaine the temper of my Knightly ſword.
Bul. Bagot forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath moved me ſo.
Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire ſunne, that ſhewes me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, (and vantingly thou ſpak'ſt it)
That thou wer't cauſe of Noble *Gloſters* death.
If thou denieſt it, twenty times thou lyeſt,
And I will turne thy falſehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers poynt.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not (Coward) live to ſee the day.
Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. Aumerle, thou lyeſt: his honour is as true
In this appeale, as thou art all uniuſt:
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To proveit on thee, to th' extreameſt poynt
Of mortall breathing. Seize it if thou dar'ſt.

Aum.

Aum. And if I doe not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengefull Steele,
Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Sur. My Lord *Fitzwater*:
I doe remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.
Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in preſence then;
And you can witneſſe with me, this is true.
Sur. As falſe, by heaven,
As heaven it ſelfe is true.
Fitz. Surry, thou lyeſt,
Sur. Diſhonourable Boy;
That lye ſhall lye ſo heauy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render Vengeance and Revenge,
Till thou the Lye-giver, and that lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honours pawne,
Engage it to the Tryall, if thou dar'ſt.
Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpurre a forward Horſe?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or live,
I dare meete *Surry* in a Wilderneſſe,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my ſtrong Correction.
As I intended to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeale.
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd *Norfolke* ſay,
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lies, here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald, to try his honour.
Bul. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt under Gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be;
(And though mine Enemy) reſtor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seigniories: when hee's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will inforce his Tryall.